4 Col: St. Paul:
From the Authors

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

WRITINGS, AND CONDUCT

OF OUR PRESENT

Political, and Religious Reformers:

OCCASIONED BY A LETTER

Of THURSDAY, *the 26th of July*, 1792,

In the Paper of the WORLD,

WITH THE SIGNATURE

OF

TIBERIUS GRACCHUS:

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

AN APPENDIX,

ON THE LITERARY DECISIONS, AND CHARACTER

OF

THE CRITICAL REVIEWERS.

BY

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

Ennemi de tout ce qui s'appelle parti, faction, cabale, je n'ai jamais rien attendu de bon des gens qui en sont.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF INCHIQUIN.

LONDON, Auguſt 14, 1792.

MY LORD,

I Requeſt your candid acceptance of this ſincere, and diſintereſted addreſs. It is dictated by my grateful ſenſe of the hoſpitality, and politeneſs which you have ſhown me; and far more by my eſteem, and reſpect for your amiable, and generous qualities, than by my homage to your rank, and title. Yet to offer, merely to rank, and title, even a ſhadow of inſult, or contempt, would be *my* abhorrence; they adorn, and dignify the

worthy man; they give no ſatisfaction to the worthleſs; — for they multiply his reſpectable enemies, by making his vices, and his crimes more conſpicuous. I hope I ſhall never ſo far miſtake the motions of my heart; or be guilty of ſo impudent, and baſe an hypocriſy, as to pretend to be a diſintereſted, and zealous lover of political, moral, and chriſtian freedom, while my breaſt only harbours vindictive ſentiments againſt thoſe whoſe advantages, and ſtations in life, are greatly ſuperiour to my own. When I not only ſpurn the weightier laws of a great community, but even it's light, and elegant laws of good manners, and civility; let me be baniſhed from that community (if I deſerve nothing more) for my inſolent ruſticity, and for my tyrannical intolerance.

Permit me to take this opportunity, my Lord,

Lord, of returning you my thanks for giving me, once more, the privilege, moſt agreeably to reviſit the charming vicinage of thoſe hallowed ſhades, which repeated the harmony of DENHAM, of COWLEY, and of POPE.

As I have had the honour to converſe but very little with your Lordſhip for ſeveral years, I am not acquainted with your preſent political ſentiments: therefore you are entirely acquitted of being at all acceſſary to whatever is advanced in the following pages, that may be wrong. Yet in offering them to your peruſal I can feel no heſitation. All their contents flow from the diſintereſted, and pure ſource of ſincerity; and I truſt that to every impartial, and attentive mind, they will evince my declaration. Therefore, I am fully perſuaded, that the honeſty of the *man* will make a far deeper,

and

and more durable impreſſion in the mind of Lord INCHIQUIN, than the errours, and faults of the *writer*.

I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's obliged,

And moſt obedient Servant,

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEN theſe obſervations were written, we had not received accounts of the moſt inhuman, and horrid, but not at all ſurpriſing events, which have again made a kind of Pandemonium of the capital of FRANCE. The ſatisfaction which the accompliſhment of theſe horrours preſents to the prophetical judgement of a humane man, and to his deteſtation of the worſt of factions, is inacceſſible to his mind, from his ſympathy for the calamities of his fellow creatures. Theſe enormities, however, are not without their conſolations. They muſt very powerfully tend to unite the hearts of EUROPE in a love of regular, and temperate government;—to reconcile ENGLISHMEN

GLISHMEN to thoſe comparatively light evils, which are the unavoidable conſequences of our great national wealth; and many of which naturally, neceſſarily flow from the beſt of political conſtitutions. And if the moſt emphatical, and pathetick documents, riſing from the ruins of juſtice, humanity, religion, and accumulated murder, can inſtruct the Violent, and the Infatuated, our leaders of ſedition, and their diſciples, by acquiring modeſty, will deſerve the bleſſings of peace.

THE

LETTER

OF

TIBERIUS GRACCHUS,

Of THURSDAY, *the* 26*th of July*, 1792.

To the EDITOR *of the* WORLD.

SIR,

THE late Dr. JOHNSON, whoſe zeal for Eccleſiaſtical Eſtabliſhments knew no bounds, has been heard to declare, " That he would ſtand " before the mouth of a cannon, in order to " reſtore the *Convocation* of the Clergy in the " Engliſh Nation." Yet how far that Reſtoration would be acceptable to the Dignitaries of the Church, is extremely queſtionable. For

Convocations of every deſcription produce *Diſcuſſion*, and are therefore peculiarly alarming, in our days, to the Oppreſſors of Mankind in Church and State.

The *Ex-Chancellor* of England, who emulates Dr. JOHNSON in his zeal for Eſtabliſhments, is the Patron of a Clergyman, who has juſt publiſhed a correſpondence between himſelf and his Dioceſan, which, while it teſtifies gratitude to his Noble Lay-Patron, arraigns the conduct of his Spiritual Superiors, and repreſents Epiſcopal Predilection in the moſt criminal and odious light. It deſcribes our Chriſtian Prelates as governed by maxims equally repugnant to the Precepts of our Holy Religion, and to all regard for Genius, for Literature, and Science. The Clergyman in this correſpondence is PERCIVAL STOCKDALE, a writer of animation and genius, diſtinguiſhed in the Republic of Letters. And the *Dioceſan* is the BISHOP of DURHAM, adorned with ſplendid titles, and diſtinguiſhed by

by ſuperior affluence, and the dignity of his Eccleſiaſtical Station.

Mr. STOCKDALE, in deſcribing Corruption inſeparable from the higher Orders, has diſcriminated, with propriety, between the habits of the Nobility, and the progreſſive ſtate of Deterioration, that accompanies Eccleſiaſtics in their Elevation to Power. "I had anticipated," ſays STOCKDALE*, "from *You*, my Lord, in your "Epiſcopal Province, the conduct and the "manners of a Gentleman; but by ſome ſpeci-"mens which I have received of you, both in "writing and in print, I have been conſider-"ably diſappointed. The younger ſons of our "Nobility are habituated, from their infancy, "to ſplendid life, and to ſplendid expectations. "Hence, though it would be injudicious and "unreaſonable, to ſuppoſe that they would be "eminently endowed with manly Virtues, we "need not, in general, to apprehend, that when "they have aſcended to the ſummit of their

* Page 25.

" hopes, they will exhibit the awkward freaks
" of a totally illiberal and vulgar intoxication.
" The caſe is very different with thoſe of our
" Biſhops, who, from an humble ſphere, and
" from humble views, mount, *however* gra-
" dually, to a ſtation of dignity and grandeur.
" Their manners exemplify the depraved ten-
" dency of human nature; the ſtrain of their
" behaviour, and of their conduct, eſpecially to
" their Inferior Clergy, is that of Clowns in-
" ebriated with proſperity."

Mr. STOCKDALE, while he profeſſes zeal for the Chriſtian Religion, and for the CHURCH OF ENGLAND, as by Law eſtabliſhed, repels the inſolence of Biſhops, and deſcribes them, in general, as diſcouragers of Learning, and Patrons of Diſſipation. While he alſo venerates the fabric of the ENGLISH CONSTITUTION, he contends, very conſiſtently, for the neceſſity of Reform, as conducive to it's ſtability and it's glory.

" God

" God forbid," ſays he*, " that we ſhould " ever ſee, in *our* Iſland, the Anarchy which " prevails on the Continent; the political " wreck, which, at preſent deforms the King- " dom of FRANCE. I am far from thinking " that we need no Reform at home: we need " very much amendment; and it might be ef- " fected, purely by ſtrengthening, without at all " injuring the Conſtitution. Among other pub- " lic improvements, I heartily wiſh for abridge- " ment to the finances of ſome Biſhops, and " humility to their minds. If the State ſhould " ſuffer an abſolute convulſion, which Heaven " avert; that event will not be unprovoked. " After ſuch a cataſtrophe, our Biſhops, my " Lord, might, in *one* reſpect, be raiſed to a re- " ſemblance of the Apoſtles. I am impatient " to ſolve my paradox; they might *have all* " *things in common.* We cannot imagine a " primitive ſituation that would give them more " pain; for it would be equally diſtreſsful to " avarice and to pride."

* Page 38.

Such

Such is the animated ſtrain of Mr. STOCKDALE'S performance, that it had been wiſer, perhaps, in the Dioceſan, inſtead of provoking his indignation, to have ſuppreſſed his eloquence by a *Living*, addreſſing him in the ſoothing language of adulation—

—— *Ne ſævi Magne Sacerdos.*

But whatever were the incentives to this publication, Mr. STOCKDALE has promulgated ſome ſerious truths. In the delineation of character, the pictures may, perhaps, be overcharged; yet they ſeem to be drawn from the life. The abuſes in Eccleſiaſtical policy, which have ſo long prevailed, to the diſgrace of Engliſhmen, are detected and expoſed: and a Reform in the Church ſeems to be as eſſential to the preſervation of our National Religion, as a Reform in the State is eſſential to Civil Juriſprudence, and to the ſtability of the Britiſh Government. But ſo averſe to Reform are the Dignitaries of the Church, that, they entrench themſelves in abſurdity

ſurdity by Penal Statutes; and oppoſe the repeal of thoſe Teſt and Corporation Acts, which preclude the Diſſenters of ENGLAND from the rights of citizens. An eſtabliſhment ſo inauſpicious to Toleration, and ſo jealous of Proteſtant Diſſenters, ought ſurely to be rendered more correct. Yet it involves in it incongruities which have been emphatically deſcribed in the Britiſh Senate, by the moſt illuſtrious Stateſman of the age. It conſiſts of a Calviniſtical Creed, a Roman Catholic Liturgy, and an Arminian Clergy. Such incongruities might be connived at in the firſt ſtage of Reform; but, in the progreſs of Reaſon and Philoſophy, it belongs to Legiſlative wiſdom to correct by degrees, the errors and abſurdities of unenlightened times.

Mr. STOCKDALE, without inſiſting on the defects of the Eſtabliſhment, has arraigned the corruption of the higher orders.—How far he is juſtified in the ardour of his attack, we pretend not to decide.—But ſome Prelates there ſurely

are,

are, uncontaminated with corruption, and ornaments of their exalted ſtation. One of them I ſhall preſume to name, the Lord Biſhop of LANDAFF, of high eſtimation in the learned world, and whoſe talents, whoſe virtues, and ſcientific accompliſhments might almoſt redeem the character of the Order. Under the auſpices of ſuch men, our National Church would flouriſh in Literature, in Science, and in Theology; and its Dignitaries, worthy of their ſuperior rank, would ceaſe to be inſolent to the inferior Clergy, illiberal to Diſſenters, enemies to reform, or abettors of arbitrary power.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

TIBERIUS GRACCHUS.

To TIBERIUS GRACCHUS.

May's Buildings, St. Martin's Lane,
Wedneſday, Aug. 8th, 1792.

SIR,

YOUR Letter in the WORLD, of Thurſday, June 26th, deſerved attention more ſerious than that of fugitive obſervation. It made a laſting impreſſion in *my* mind; and it propoſed to your readers the conſideration of objects of the greateſt importance. Before I ſpeak to thoſe objects, it is incumbent on me to expreſs to you my very ſincere, and warm gratitude for your too generous opinion of my literary character. The world, indeed, will, perhaps, one day, ſee that the annals of literature cannot produce an inſtance, in which more injuſtice

has been done to the honeſt intereſt, and to the honeſt fame of any authour than to my own. Judge, therefore, Sir, if I can publickly differ, on ſubjects of the firſt magnitude, from my liberal encomiaſt, without pain. But I am not, now, *beginning* to ſuffer for the ſake of truth; and if you give not to the motives of my difference from you, a candid, a generous reception, you will recede from your allegiance to that ineſtimable, and glorious liberty which you love.

I am a conſcientious, and conſtant friend to the Church of England; in conſequence, I hope, of the diſpaſſionate uſe of my reaſon, and of the acquiſition of knowledge. I ſhould wiſh that the government of that moſt excellent Church might continue, eſſentially, what it is. Let me not be miſunderſtood;—by the government of the Church, I mean the legal conſtitution of it's government;—not the abuſes of it's government; not the proſtituted diſpoſals of it's munificence. Therefore, if I had

courage

courage to face a battery, I ſhould certainly not exert that courage, to reſtore the convocation. I am not one of thoſe political bravos who would eradicate the power of the Church; but as a good citizen, as a friend to mankind, I do not wiſh to ſee that power augmented: for immoderate power always produces evil, when it is in the hands of man. Therefore, I do not wiſh to ſee the convocation reſtored; I do not wiſh to ſee an eccleſiaſtical Parliament; —I do not wiſh to read, or to hear of, polemical Theology:—it loſes ſight of practice; it is agitated with it's idle theories;—it exaſperates the human mind; it renders it ferocious; the innocent, the virtuous, have been burned, for not harmonizing with it's empty ſounds. I believe it will be in my power, hereafter, to convince ENGLAND, that Dr. JOHNSON was one of the moſt abſurd, and injurious of criticks; and he was equally exceptionable in matters of Religion. Therefore *his* authority, in many caſes of conſequence, is of no weight with *me*. With *him*, a *Whig* had no genius; a *Diſſenter*, no virtue. He had all the prejudices, and all the ſuperſti-

tion, of the weakeſt Old Woman. The* inſolence, and tyranny of his manners, diſgraced his

* To reſent a total diſregard to important truths; to vindicate the fame of departed greatneſs; can, ſurely, never be miſconſtrued by equitable readers; notwithſtanding all the prejudiced, and hard ſentences that have been paſſed upon me. To contradict the long-eſtabliſhed ſentiments, and principles of mankind; to contradict our own eſtabliſhed ſentiments, and principles, merely to enjoy an idle, and oſtentatious victory, chiefly obtained by our pompous, and imperious declamation, and by the daſtardly timidity of our hearers, or by their ſilent, and manly contempt of our ill manners, is extremely unworthy of *him* who pretends to be a ſerious, and zealous patron of truth, and virtue. To the enjoyment, however, of *ſuch* victories, the mind of JOHNSON was abandoned. Hence he aſſerted, that commerce did not tend to enrich, nor luxury to corrupt, a ſtate;—that arbitrary power was a very good form of government;—that CHARLES the ſecond, and JAMES the ſecond, were excellent kings;—that GRAY the poet, was a *heavy fellow*; and that FIELDING was a *blockhead*. All theſe criticiſms, and maxims of oracular wiſdom, we learn from Mr. BOSWELL, his undiſtinguiſhing, and ſervile encomiaſt. The gentlemen of CAMBRIDGE cannot more enthuſiaſtically admire thoſe poems of Mr. GRAY which deſerve our admiration, than myſelf. I have always, with pleaſure, been informed of the CANTABRIGIAN zeal for the poetical reputation of Mr. GRAY: it does honour to their hearts, as well as to their taſte; it does honour to that univerſal jealouſy which, I am ſure, they entertain, for the glory of a great name. I mean not to claim eminent merit to myſelf; but to do juſtice to thoſe whoſe benevolence is *really* enlarged by literature, and by ſcience. Had I been educated under the auſpices of *their* ALMA MATER, how different would my ſituation

his genius; and his death was humiliating to the friends of religion. The beſt uſe that we

tion have been from what it *is!* My laurels would have been protected from the blight of penury, and of envy: they would have covered me with their luxuriance, under the ſhelter of more hoſpitable, and venerable ſhades!

I likewiſe requeſt Mr. FIELDING to accept my eſteem, and reſpect for him (though I have not the honour of his acquaintance) becauſe I know that he is proud of being the ſon of his immortal father. To be proud of one's own excellence, might be termed a ſelfiſh arrogance; to be proud of a father's genius, is one inſtance of the beautiful *piety* of the ROMANS. They were a nation of philoſophers, as well as of warriours: a warm affection, a profound veneration for our parents, is a concomitant, and a criterion, of true virtue, and of true religion;—the contrary diſpoſition is a ſure mark of a profligate, and impious heart.

I own that I have always felt an indignation (and I have often imprudently, and generouſly expreſſed it) againſt thoſe who depreciated, and vilified exalted genius. The indignation was greater than that which I ſhould have indulged in conſequence of any injury that might have been done to myſelf.—I deſpiſe, I deteſt, I avoid ill-nature, and abuſe:—but if I deſerve to be charged with theſe abominable faults for a moſt unreſerved frankneſs, and openneſs of mind; for applying to any *object*, or *ſubject*, which may be immediately connected with fine ſentiment, or with important truth, what I conſcientiouſly think their proper epithets, and deſcriptions; if I am to be arraigned, and condemned for *this* conduct; let the puppets of the world, organically, and proſperouſly *move on*;—and let *me* be thought a moſt ill-natured, and abuſive man. Are we to deſerve the greateſt honours, without ſubmitting to great mortifications?—it is by reſolution, by perſeverance, by the

we can make of eminent departed characters, is to preſent them to our cotemporaries, in their true eſſence, colours, and proportions. JOHNSON was a humane man, and a great writer; but in one man, and in one authour, acts of the moſt enlarged benevolence, and excellent writing, were never more odiouſly and inelegantly contraſted than in HIM. Therefore let not the contradictions which, here, apparently tend to deſtroy one another, be imputed to *my* little ſketch of him; but to his real qualities; ſome of which were incongruous, inconſiſtent, and almoſt incompatible. Human nature admits infinite variety. I intend, in a future work, completely to develop the character of Dr. JOHNSON;—as, with a feeling, but determined, and unſhaken mind, I propoſe, for the moſt uſeful inſtruction of the riſing generation, to analyze my own. That any thing intereſting yet remains to be

the colliſion of difficulties, and malignity, that human life is burniſhed into glory.—Can I, *altogether at my eaſe*, emulate, in *one* ſpecies of virtue, an AGESILAUS, and a CATO?

ſaid

ſaid of JOHNSON, after all that *has* been talked, and written of him, is a literary paradox; but it is a paradox of no very difficult ſolution. When, in extreme poverty, he wrote his immortal life of the unfortunate SAVAGE, he was writing far above the ſtandard of his comparatively deſpicable lives of the other poets. But when he wrote *them*, he was affluent and in faſhion;—and the great man was magnified into a literary Giant, by the ſervile extravagance of capricious, and ſuperficial fancy. No character has been more miſrepreſented than Dr. JOHNSON'S by his flippant, or voluminous biographers. Mrs. PIOZZI is not ſufficiently artful, and ſpecious, to conceal her malignity;—In his life which is written by Sir JOHN HAWKINS, our grand object is loſt, in the moroſeneſs, and ſtupidity of the hiſtorian; and Mr. BOSWELL, in treating his ſubject, writes in ſo lax, indefinite, and feeble a manner; writes ſo *about it, Goddeſs, and about it*, that inſtead of only contemplating a capital genius,

and

and a liberal, manly biographer, he is always preſenting to us (though with many important facts, letters, and other papers) an Idol, and an Idolater. Mr. BOSWELL, towards the cloſe of the eighteenth century, often inſults free-men with his praiſe of the feudal ſyſtem. It muſt be owned that *he* ſhows himſelf a moſt faithful, and obedient vaſſal, to his liege, and paramount Lord.

If what Mr. BOSWELL ſays, concerning Dr. JOHNSON, and *me*, was true, there would be ſome reſtrictions, in one inſtance, on my frankneſs, as a writer. That gentleman ſo wantonly prates on the conduct, and fortune of many people, that I was not at all ſurpriſed at *my* ſhare of his impertinence. I ſhould be a mean creature, indeed, if I was offended with him for witholding from me *his* encomium. But I am not inſenſible to the publick injuſtice which he has done to me. He ſays that I often experienced, in Dr. JOHNSON, a *kind protector*.

I never

I never received from him any better offices than thoſe of common civility. Indeed, he flung leſs of the brutality of his manners at *me* than at moſt of thoſe with whom he converſed: becauſe I was not accuſtomed to admit his *ipſe dixit*, when I thought it wrong (and, in palpable nonſenſe, he, at times, exceeded every *Ariſtotelian*) with a ſilent, and fooliſh acquieſcence. For this honeſt freedom, all who knew *him*, muſt know, that he *could* not love me. He might, indeed, in *one* view, have been a kind, and a powerful protector to me; he might have protected thoſe productions, which, like another SWIFT, he *endured*; which he loved;—which he praiſed:—a generous publick will forgive my ſelf-love, for acquainting them with the praiſe of the ſterneſt of literary cenſors.—Thoſe productions he promiſed that he would publickly protect;—but his complaiſance to pedants prevailed with him to break his word. But more of *this*, hereafter. I will leave it to ingenuous diſcernment to determine, whether

what I have written of him, now, proceeded from reſentment, or from my love of truth: from my love of my favourite motto;—from my VITAM IMPENDERE VERO. I beg your pardon, Sir, for this digreſſion; if it is not altogether unintereſting, and unentertaining, you, and the publick will forgive it.

As you quote a paragraph from one of my letters to the Biſhop of DURHAM, in which I allow the high propriety of civil, and eccleſiaſtical reform, in England, I beg, Sir, that *you*, and an enlightened country, may honour me with your attention; and, then, I am ſure, you will not miſtake my meaning. I ſcorn the hypocritical modeſty, under whoſe maſk I ſhould ſay, that *my* ſentiments on publick affairs are totally inſignificant; and God forbid that I ſhould, deliberately add a ſpark to our firebrands of ſedition. I wiſh that the ENGLISH CONSTITUTION may, long, be eſſentially preſerved, as it is ſettled, and defended by the laws.

laws. The model of our government I love; I am an enemy to parts of it's adminiſtration: my objections are, not to the ſtructure of our policy, but to the diſeaſes which it has contracted. For example; the publick wealth is, in many inſtances, ſhamefully laviſhed. A Miniſter of State, in *this* country, has it always in his power, from the emoluments of his office, to retire in affluence; therefore penſions to theſe men, are proſtitutions of the publick money.—But we ſometimes grant a penſion to one, whoſe adminiſtration has been the greateſt diſgrace, and calamity to his country: the proſtitution, then, becomes extremely glaring, and infamous. If at any portentous period, the Revenues of the State are moſt profuſely ſquandered on the extravagances of thoſe, who, by our ſocial compact, are ſupported by the publick, and who glory in their licentiouſneſs, and profligacy, the profuſion is mortifying; it is exaſperating to virtue; it is a ſhameful outrage to patient, and humble induſtry in the lower

ſtations; and to a moderate enjoyment of the bleſſings of Providence, in more elevated life. I am the laſt man that would propoſe the abolition of epiſcopacy, becauſe epiſcopacy is abuſed: is not liberty, a ſupreme good, moſt impudently abuſed in this iſland?—the opulence of our moſt wealthy ſees ought, certainly, to be curtailed; ſimplicity, and moderation ſhould mark the grandeur, and correct the luxury of a Biſhop. The unequal, and cruel ſituation of our inferiour clergy ſhould be alleviated; it ſhould be dignified:—the income of every clergyman ſhould enable him to live like a gentleman. All this amendment might be completely effected by an equitable retrenchment from ſeveral Prelates, Deans, and Prebendaries. The extreme inequalities of the pecuniary circumſtances of our eccleſiaſticks, are *ſcandalous*, and *antichriſtian*. Such is the general nature, Sir, of the *reform at home*, which I humbly think that *we need;* and which might be obtained (if you will allow me to repeat my own words

which

which you have done me the honour to quote) *purely by ſtrengthening, without at all injuring, the Conſtitution.*

When I conſider the remarkable ſelfiſhneſs, the avarice, and the pride of our modern clergy, I feel very little perſonal conſequence from my idea of thoſe to whom I am officially related. But when I contemplate the beautiful ſyſtem of our eccleſiaſtical economy; the orthodoxy, the purity of our diſcipline, and of our doctrines;—our ſimple, yet ſublime liturgy;—when I recall to my imagination the amiable externals of our publick worſhip, happily adapted to their great objects; not ſo cold, and lifeleſs as to ſink, and freeze, nor ſo complicated, and gorgeous, as to diſſipate, and corrupt the mind;—when I recollect our Martyrs, and Confeſſors; our excellent Theologiſts; the firſt advocates in Europe for our holy faith;—when I view the whole venerable, and auguſt fabrick of the CHURCH OF ENGLAND, I feel an elevation of ſoul; a generous

nerous enthuſiaſm for Virtue, and Religion. I then doubly wiſh that I had been more worthy of my moſt reſpectable profeſſion; and that my future honeſt, and induſtrious zeal for it's true honours, may atone for my many, and great imperfections, to my Country, to Mankind, and to GOD!

Dr. PRIESTLEY compares the Church of ENGLAND with the animal which is called the *Sloth*;—and he tells us that he is determined to uſe his utmoſt efforts to kill the antitype which that animal ſo aptly repreſents. Many of our Clergy too juſtly deſerve the reproach of indolence. I truſt, however, in Heaven, that *ſome* ſons of our Church will always have ſufficient activity, and abilities, to counteract the violence, or the poiſon, of an impudent, vindictive, and lawleſs aſſaſſin.

If the infatuation, and madneſs of faction were not too prevalent in ENGLAND, both the literary, and moral credit of DR. PRIESTLEY would

would ſtand in the predicament which they deſerve. He tells the publick, that the riots at BIRMINGHAM were principally occaſioned by the ſpirit and tendency of thoſe doctrines which are commonly inculcated from the pulpits of our Church; and from the ſtrain of the converſation of the leading men among our laity, in their ſocial, and convivial hours. Are theſe aſſertions conſiſtent with the leaſt regard to modeſty, and to truth? The Doctor's ſon has kindly removed from his country one particle of our civil contagion; he is naturalized among the ſons of Treaſon, and Rebellion. I wiſh that an uſual conſequence of primogeniture were, in *one* inſtance, inverted; I wiſh that the father would follow the example of the ſon. We cannot imagine a ſociety more congenial with the minds of them both, than the rabble that compoſe the national aſſembly of FRANCE. My application of two expreſſions may be miſinterpreted by our ſelf-ſufficient dabblers in politicks; perhaps, even by the liberal friends of freedom. If,

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to overthrow deſpotiſm; if, with a humane, and generous indignation, to level the BASTILLE with the ground, were *Treaſon*, and *Rebellion*, the treaſon, and the rebellion were virtue, and glory. But ſince thoſe memorable events, what has been the conduct of the French?—They have eſtabliſhed nothing that deſerves the name of a government. Their political ignorance has only been equalled by their political preſumption. While they indulged their chimeras, they treated the *Engliſh Conſtitution* with contempt; ſo illiterate are they, as well as arrogant, that I believe their contempt was *ſincere*: They treated a conſtitution with contempt, which has been explained, admired, and celebrated, by thoſe immortal writers to whom FRANCE owes her greateſt ſplendour. They have been rearing their confuſed maſs of a CHALCEDON, while a BYZANTIUM was before their eyes. The oracles of a ſage, and amiable MONTESQUIEU, the expoſtulations of a hoary, and venerable RAYNAL, inſtructed them, in vain. Analagous to their ſupercilious conceit,

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are their proceedings in their National Aſſembly. Inſtead of vigorous, and extenſive plans of legiſlative wiſdom, propoſed, and executed with the gravity by which thoſe plans ought to be accompanied, you are mortified, or entertained, with empty, and oſtentatious declamation. Their meetings are diſtracted with an intemperance of the deſpicable paſſions, which would diſgrace even a company of ſchool-boys; and which are far more characteriſtick of the manners of a bear-garden than of a Senate. A ſett of men whoſe hearts are fraught with the moſt barbarous malignity; a ſett of groſs, and impious materialiſts, are continually profaning, by continually pronouncing, the terms, HUMANITY, and PHILOSOPHY, After ſeveral acts of an inſolent cruelty, which are, at leaſt, not *exceeded* in the hiſtory of human nature, they ſeize every conſpicuous opportunity perſonally to affront, and mortify, fallen, and oppreſſed Majeſty;—a Majeſty too mild, and flexible. They force the moſt arbitrary, and tyrannical oaths on their fellow-citizens, who riſk their lives by re-

fuſing to take them; and they call themſelves *humane*; the diſtinguiſhed patrons of the Rights of Man. Their principles, their conduct, their manners, evince their total contempt of all religion; an impertinent, and ſuperficial CONDORCET ſets up for a preacher of morality to EUROPE; the diſciple is worthy of his maſter; —he chuſes VOLTAIRE, for the guide, and the guardian of mankind; whoſe heart was a baſe one; whoſe talents were only brilliant; who attempted to ſtrike at the root of every religion upon earth; who, to evince his own practical morality, deliberately, and publickly ridiculed a *Genius infinitely greater than himſelf; when that Genius was harraſſed with poverty, with malady, with perſecution;—yet as he is now canonized by Frenchmen (the greateſt diſgrace that has violated his memory) it is to be preſumed that CONDORCET admits him to a participation of literary honours with VOLTAIRE, to whom he was as ſuperiour in his moral character, as in the energy, and beauty,

* ROUSSEAU.

and

and tendency of his writings. But no incongruity is too glaring for a French Patriot. Such is the conduct which is ſanctioned by a CONDORCET, and his aſſociates; ſuch is the SOCRATES to whom they look up for inſtruction, in wiſdom, and in virtue;—and *theſe* men call themſelves PHILOSOPHERS. Therefore, when I charged them with treaſon, and rebellion, in the language of ſtrong accuſation, I did them no injuſtice; for by encouraging murder; by overwhelming a nation with anarchy; by trampling on all decorum, and law; they are convicted of *Treaſon*, and *Rebellion*, againſt every form of *good* government; againſt eternal juſtice, equity, and humanity; againſt their country, and mankind.

Indeed their demolition of arbitrary power loſt almoſt all its merit, by the evident motives from which it was immediately aboliſhed. The pretended friends of freedom were actuated by a ſavage, and deſtructive fury, rather than

by a generous, and patriotick ardour. They intended to make the blood of a Woman, and a Queen (for I *muſt* differ from Mr. PAINE, by thinking that ſtation, in itſelf, is entitled to reſpect) they intended to make *her* blood one of the firſt libations to liberty:—they murdered a few honeſt, and brave men, who were determined not to ſurvive their allegiance, and their honour; let me paſs rapidly through ſcenes of horrour;—the moſt abandoned profligacy was united with the moſt outrageous barbarity;—and the fair ſex were transformed into the moſt hideous, and inhuman monſters. The unreflecting admirers of the French revolution boaſt that it was effected with little bloodſhed; and hence, they likewiſe boaſt the humanity of it's authours. In a civil war, the loſs of thouſands in the field of battle, by no means demonſtrates the barbarity of a people. The wanton outrages, and cruelties perpetrated at VERSAILLES, and in PARIS, at the commencement of the French revolution; and many

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ſimilar deeds committed afterwards, in ſeveral towns of France, have *damned* the nation *to everlaſting fame**.

Be aſſured, Sir, that the calamities which harraſs FRANCE, have greatly originated from the notorious irreligion of that country. Therefore I hope that religion with *us*, will always be guarded, and protected by the laws. If we have not a religion thus eſtabliſhed, we ſhall ſoon have none. As this truth muſt be indiſputable to every ſenſible, and reflecting mind, I am convinced that far the greater number of thoſe who oppoſe it, have not the leaſt affection, the leaſt regard for religion. If Chriſtianity is not preſerved in purity, and in ſtrength, by auxiliary, and ſalutary power,

* How prophetical does Mr. BURKE's political knowledge, every day prove, with regard to the national aſſembly of France, and to that diſtracted country! Humanity bids us unfeignedly wiſh that he had been miſtaken. I am certain that *his* philanthropical heart warmly entertains the ſame wiſh. To ſhow their infatuation, and indeed their natural levity, and puerility of mind, we may remark, that, if we can at all rely on publick accounts, they do not ſeem to be ſenſible of their ſituation.

it will either be annihilated, or moſt perni-ciouſly ſophiſticated. The truth of this aſ-ſertion is proved by the extravagances of our religious philoſophers. If theſe exorbitant in-novators in religion were abſolutely ingenuous, they would rather renounce their faith alto-gether than work it into the fantaſtick forms of their own vanity, or imagination. The real features of the Chriſtian Religion are no more to be diſcerned after they have under-gone the violent operations of a WAKEFIELD, or a PRIESTLEY, than you would know the face of your intimate friend, after it had been pommelled for twenty minutes by a CLARKE, or a MENDOZA. Such latitude, and ſafety, in writing on the moſt important ſubjects, and in the worſhip of GOD, is granted, or indulged to every perſon, in *our* community, that no man can be ſtrenuous, and ardent for any changes in our religious eſtabliſhment, from principles of conſcience, and benevolence. Indeed, the uncharitable heat; the acrimony, and obſtinacy, with which the diſſenters urge

their

their claims, ſhow that they are not intereſted in the ſucceſs of theſe claims, by a Chriſtian ſpirit, but by ſiniſter, and baleful paſſions; by prejudice, envy, and hatred; by that reſtleſs fever for wealth, and dominion, with which they are continually, and, in many caſes, too juſtly, upbraiding the Dignitaries of our Church. —I ſhall, by one inſtance, exemplify the truth of what I am advancing. We receive the Holy Sacrament, at the altar, upon our knees. *That* is Idolatry, ſays an ignorant, or diſingenuous diſſenter. I honeſtly deny the charge. In the act of receiving the ſacrament, we are not adoring it, on our knees:—we are offering ſuch devotions to the throne of Heaven as are ſuitable to the ſolemn occaſion; and as humility of poſture is naturally favourable to humility of mind, how can genuflexion be ſo proper, as when we addreſs our Creator?—will any man of common ſenſe, in theſe times, when reaſon has triumphed over prejudice, and ſuperſtition, ſeriouſly declare to me, that his conſcience would be at all oppreſſed, if he

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ſhould partake of the bleſſed Sacrament in this manner?—If he could acknowledge to me, that his pride; his ſpirit of reſiſtance, merely for the ſake of reſiſting; his inveterate antipathy againſt thoſe whom he ſhould cordially love, as his brethren, would be deeply wounded by ſuch an act, I ſhould immediately believe him.

The unbounded liberty of the preſs, which is warmly inculcated by our modern reformers, evinces to *me*, the laxity of their minds with regard to religion. Every human good may be abuſed: the liberty of the preſs may ſink into licentiouſneſs; and that profligate, and pernicious deſcent ſhould be puniſhed, or prevented, by ſalutary laws. We are clamorous for freedom, in this country; and from the ignominious timidity of publick juſtice, I have no doubt that an ungrateful, and abandoned atheiſt might diffuſe his poiſon through the kingdom, with impunity. You know, Sir, that there are books in the world, which were written

ten induſtriouſly to inflame, and corrupt the paſſions; and if they were poſſeſſed, and read, by your ſiſter, or your daughter, you would tremble for her happineſs; for you would tremble for her virtue. While you feel human ſentiments, and affections, you muſt think the demerit of ſuch authours very great; and that they deſerve ſevere, and exemplary puniſhment. But you will tell me, that *their* publications, which are immediately addreſſed to the ſenſes, and imagination, are far more injurious to ſociety than ſpeculative productions which appeal to the finer receſſes of the underſtanding, and which are, therefore, comparatively, read but by a few. If I admit your diſtinction, ſhould natural, and revealed religion, in a well regulated community, be totally left, to ſhift for themſelves? are *they* objects of ſo little conſequence to the well-being of the human race, that they are to be deſtitute of the defence, and vindication of the magiſtrate?—Does the criminal deſerve a rigorous animadverſion, and chaſtiſement, who precipitates youth to miſery,

by irritating that nature, which was meant by it's Divine Authour, to promote our happineſs; and is *no* puniſhment due to that execrable citizen who ſeduces us from our attachment to that celeſtial morality which woos us to the proper government of every paſſion, to the practice of every virtue, by the ſtrongeſt inducements, here, and by ineffable enjoyment, hereafter? Does the man juſtly ſuffer death, who aſſaſſinates my earthly ſovereign; and is *he* to be unpuniſhed, uncenſured, who, in a ſhort, and calamitous life, robs my ſoul of every conſolation, by depriving it of the Being of it's GOD? Muſt I expect very painful conſequences from the laws, if I libel my neighbour; and ought *no* ſacred ſtatute to be provided againſt a bold, and impious offender, who ſhould endeavour to weaken my veneration of JESUS CHRIST; who ſhould endeavour to perſuade me that he was an impoſtor, and a villain; *He*, who was, certainly, in a very emphatical ſenſe, THE SON OF GOD; He, who evidently lived, and died for the good of mankind;

kind; whoſe religion is that of my country; and what is more, the pureſt, the ſublimeſt, the moſt beneficent religion that ever was communicated to the ſons of men? you cannot anſwer theſe queſtions in the language of modern reformation, or of French philoſophy, without aſſuring me that you care not for the fate of religion. If you condeſcend to uſe the ſpecious, and trite argument, that the boldeſt hoſtilities againſt religion call forth it's ableſt defenders, and, therefore, muſt terminate to it's advantage, I reply, that the bad impreſſions made by the hoſtilities will be more powerful than the good effects produced by their defeat; for to moſt readers, thoſe authours are far more agreeable, and intereſting, who *relax*, than thoſe who *enforce* our moral, and religious duties.

Men with an untutored, uncultivated underſtanding, but high in their opinion of themſelves, will often adventure to decide on policy, which is one of the moſt complex, and intricate objects of the human mind. Hence, with

microſcopick eye, they ſee but parts, and not eſſential parts (to *them*, detached) of the great connected whole. Over thoſe parts they pore, and make wonderful diſcoveries. We may expect that ſuch projectors will give the greateſt conſequence to thoſe palpable, and groſs objects which are congenial with their own minds. Mr. PAINE, in finance, is a Dutch Burgomaſter; not a Politican. Money has, not improperly, been termed, the nerves of a State. But theſe political nerves *he* raiſes far above their province. By his anxious attention to *them*; by his jealouſy of their miſapplication, he makes them the heart, and ſoul; the chief ornament; the dignity, and the grace; the vital, and ruling principle of his undigeſted common-wealth. The *gold* on board of * HORACE's metaphorical ſhip, he is very ſolicitous to enſure; but that ſpecies of publick order, and harmony, which are indiſpenſable, in

* O Navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus!

HOR. Od. xiv. B. 1ſt.

a great,

a great, and poliſhed community; that conſcientious, and conſequently, that expreſſive, and delicate reſpect, which are demanded, where there is a neceſſary gradation of rank; where there is a neceſſary ſubordination; the encouragement of thoſe elegant, and animated arts, which augment, and refine exiſtence; which purify, and exalt virtue;—but moſt of all, Religion, though of all other objects it is the moſt important;—*theſe* great, and beautiful conſtituents of the welfare, and glory of a nation, our political PALINURUS leaves totally at the mercy of wind, and tide.

Thoſe writers on ſubjects of government, whoſe ſelf-ſufficiency is as enormous, as their reflexion is circumſcribed, entirely omit one capital topick of conſideration, at ſetting off; and *this* blunder, like one falſe calculation in arithmetick, multiplies errours through their whole work. They recollect not the general morals, and manners of the age in which they live. *If* they recollect them, to give them no

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ſignificance, is ſtupidity in the extreme. A maſterly artiſt can only make the beſt of the matter on which he is to exert his ingenuity. He who would apply the ſame rules, and maxims to a young ſtate, in it's happy dawn of ſimple virtue, and to a large empire, whoſe commerce, and luxury can hardly be exceeded by the powers of fancy, has yet his political elements to learn. An inattention to this incontrovertible propoſition, is one of the many ſoleciſms of the politicians of FRANCE. Let us not unreaſonably, and abſurdly, require more of human nature than it poſſibly can give us. In theſe times, the pure, and vigorous adminiſtration of policy, and law, *muſt* be weakened, by the degeneracy of our publick, and private virtue. Let us ballaſt the veſſel with our beſt care; let us keep her as healthful as poſſible; but let us not ſhake the foundation of her ſafety; let us not tear up the ſheet anchor of her exiſtence. To the magiſtrates of the great community to which I refer,

refer, very liberal pecuniary appointments muſt be aſſigned, that they may be properly reſpected; and to ſecure the ſame neceſſary effect, their ſtations muſt be adorned with ſplendid, and ſtriking appendages. Let us rationally allow for the mixed nature of *Man*. Whatever the general aſſembly of the *Kirk* of SCOTLAND may tell me, we muſt make *ſome* ſacrifice to his ſenſes, if we mean to attract him properly to his GOD. This theory will be honoured with the *Sardonic* laugh of our reforming *Goths*; with whom, to make havock of all elegance, and grandeur, is liberty, and virtue*. Mr. GRANVILLE SHARP, perhaps the very beſt, and moſt reſpectable of men (how can I refuſe this eulogy to Chriſtianity thrown almoſt perfectly into life, and action?) Mr. SHARP, in his noble zeal for the common good,

* From the writings of our modern Reformers in Church, and State, we may reaſonably infer *one* great defect, in their authours; they ſeem neither to have ſtudied, nor obſerved HUMAN NATURE;—a ſtudy, and an obſervation, indiſpenſably requiſite, in our acquiſition of political knowledge; eſpecially if we preſume to be reformers, and legiſlators.

is, ſometimes, zealous for improvements which are inadmiſſible, from the nature of the times. He has flattered himſelf with the idea of the reſtoration of annual parliaments. They could not be reſtored, unleſs a total change was wrought in the manners of the people. You have given excellent laws to the ATHENIANS, ſaid a foreigner to SOLON. I have given them as good laws, replied the ſage, as they would *bear*.

As the views of bungling politicians are limited; their remedies, too, like thoſe of other quacks, are violent, and partial. Thoſe ignorant, and ſanguinary political empiricks, the murderers of CÆSAR, fooliſhly imagined, that, for aſſaſſinating *him*, they would be rewarded with publick liberty. The ungrateful, and ſavage deed was more worthy of the wilds of SCYTHIA than of the capital of the world.

You now ſee, Sir, that I am one of thoſe peaceful men, who, both as a moral, and poli-

tical

tical agent, would ſhudder at the thought of *wading through ſlaughter*, to viſionary freedom. The ſame thought, I doubt not, is horrible to *you*. But I likewiſe deteſt thoſe menacing clamours for reformation, that would produce, if their authours were gratified, national diſorders, and tumults, which would be very alarming to humanity, and to that temper of mind which truly deſerves the name of publick virtue. They who are now, indefatigably, blowing the trumpet of diſcontent, and diſcord, through the kingdom, are our worſt criminals; —and to counterballance the danger of *their* efforts, there can be no poſſible advantages, to ourſelves, or to poſterity. No good man, who thinks maturely, will wiſh for any violent innovation in *our* ſtate; where, he muſt be equally ſurprized, and delighted, to reflect, that in a country, in which vice, and diſſipation have pervaded all ranks, no perſon of his own manners, and character, is deprived, by the nature, and adminiſtration of the government, of ſe-

curity, of peace; of the true enjoyment of life. He will farther reflect, that civil evil hath it's reſulting, and concomitant good:—what the inſenſibility, and the pride of office denies us, we may receive, with accumulated intereſt, from ourſelves. It is the duty, as it is in the power of virtue, to triumph, in conflict, and in happineſs, over the obduracy, and inſolence of the great. I have always thought, Sir, that, in *one* view, nothing is more to be regretted in publick life, than the conduct of our parties. I will ſuppoſe that in the two *great* parties, there are ſeveral worthy men. Yet in one reſpect, every party is a many-headed tyrant. If you mean to be eſteemed by your party; if you mean to *go on* with them, you muſt not differ from them, on any leading object; nor at any preſſing juncture; you muſt ſupport them, in every ſtep of their conduct, whether you think it right, or wrong. How deeply I am mortified, ſometimes, to ſee the deplorable effects of the narrow ſpirit of party! It corrodes, and

weakens

weakens the greateſt, the moſt illuſtrious minds. It has lately ſeparated, and I fear, for ever, two old friends;—men, who in thoſe endowments which do moſt honour to our ſpecies, have been excelled in no age, or nation;—men whom GOD, and NATURE *had joined together*, in amity; but whom, thoſe infirmities, which are inſeparable from the frame of man, *have put aſunder!*

I lately experienced an inſtance of this unwholeſome fermentation of party, in common minds. The inſtance deſerves to be recited; for it tends to ſhow, how miſerably your advocates for the unbounded liberty of the preſs, and for all other liberty, depart from their theory, when they are put a little to the proof. A literary teſtimony, in my favour, voluntarily written by a gentleman who is diſtinguiſhed in the republick of letters, was refuſed publication, by a champion for liberty; merely becauſe I had not adopted all *his* political creed;—

becauſe I was hoſtile to the French revolution; becauſe I diſapproved HUDIBRAS's—*thorough, godly reformation.* This incident makes me recollect one of the many curious paſſages in Mr. PAINE's *Rights of Man*; a paſſage that ſhows what a tyrant *he* is, when his own paſſions are contradicted. Whether that book abounds more with barbarous language, bad argument, or pitiful jokes, and puns, it is difficult to ſay. No *Gentleman* would write againſt Mr. BURKE, but with great deference; every ingenuous mind, even in diſputing with him, would be impatient to reſpect him:—from ſuch minds, the reſpect is inſtantaneouſly commanded, by his genius; and it is yet more forcibly commanded by his virtues. The brutality of PAINE's inſolence to Mr. BURKE was aggravated by it's ingratitude. This man, in the beginning of his book, and in his uſual rude ſtyle, ſeverely cenſures Mr. BURKE for wantonly, without provocation, injuriouſly, interfering in the affairs of FRANCE. Is this the

language

language of an American patriot; of an advocate for ſuch liberty as is inconceivable in civilized life? Can an Engliſhman be impertinent, or culpable, for giving his publick opinion, at any time, of any notorious events that are produced in FRANCE? and as Mr. BURKE unqueſtionably thought that the conduct of the French revolutioniſts was deteſtable; that it was of obnoxious example to EUROPE, and that it might be prejudicial to BRITAIN, was he a preſumptuous, and encroaching meddler, or was he a good, and meritorious citizen, in giving his explicit, and free ſentiments on that revolution, to the world? Your cenſure of Mr. BURKE, for publiſhing his book on the French revolution, comes with a peculiar impropriety; with an unaccountable abſurdity, from *you*, Mr. PAINE. You are ſo far a citizen of the world, that I know not to what country, at preſent, you properly belong; but, I know that Mr. BURKE had a far better right, to cenſure, and explode the French policy, than

you

you had, to abuſe, and reprobate that of ENGLAND. Yet you have invaded this country (I ſhall not uſe a very hyperbolical metaphor) ſword, and fire in hand:—you have uſed your utmoſt efforts to raiſe the ſpirit of ſedition, and rebellion, among us; you have inſulted our laws; you have inſulted our ſovereign; you have endeavoured to tear up our government by the roots; —and with an audacity unexampled, you abuſe Mr. BURKE for publiſhing his unreſerved thoughts on the revolution of FRANCE.

With what relief, and pleaſure muſt an impartial, and humane writer, turn from thoſe tumultuous ſpirits, who are inſtigating their countrymen to ſedition, and rebellion, to a claſs of men who are abſolutely our beſt citizens; to *the people who are called Quakers*, as they are commonly introduced, in the language of the law! This exchange reſembles that of a delicate, and tender eye, which, after having been too long fixed on the flaming, and ſanguinary

nary ſcarlet, ſeeks refreſhment, and health, on the mild, and amiable green! Primitive, and innoxious people! How *your* ſimplicity of manners; your temperance of the ſenſes, and temperance of the ſoul; your brotherly love, and your paternal protection of your poor; how *theſe* beautiful, and charming characteriſticks of your religious profeſſion contraſt the duplicity; the pride, and pomp; the malignity; the iron obduracy to diſtreſs, of our modern prieſts! The baptiſmal, and conſecrated water was profaned, by it's aſperſion upon *them*:—but *you* are the true chriſtians; for it is the manners which proves the diſciple: —*Not every one that ſaith unto me, Lord, Lord, ſhall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven**. *You* have been initiated into the communion of the faithful, by the moſt efficacious auſpices; *your* baptiſm has been that of the *ſpirit*, and of the lambent fire, of *truth*. My

* Matt. ch. vii. v. 21.

great,

great, and unrivalled †Maſter in Genius, had his favourite inhabitants of the VALAIS; be *You my* models of human conduct, and of human felicity! But to *your* peculiar honour, be it remarked, that it is far more arduous to be practically good, in an immenſe capital, overflowing with licentiouſneſs, and faction, than in the innoxious vales of SWISSERLAND; on the Arcadian banks of the *young* RHONE; as yet unpolluted with luxury, and with vice! Accept, ye peaceful followers of the LAMB OF GOD, this honeſt, and artleſs tribute, from one who is *not afraid to blame*, and who diſdains to flatter. May you long practiſe your moral tranquillity, and ſerenity of mind; your chriſtian virtues; and you will, indubitably, long enjoy their bleſſed fruits! Were it not for the cold, and adamantine hand of my fate; were it not for the ardour of my ambition, which, perhaps, renders me unworthy of your ſociety, I ſhould wiſh to live, and to die amongſt *you!*

† ROUSSEAU.

I expect,

I expect, Sir, that while I proceed in this addreſs to *you*, you will not only read me with patience, but with benevolence. Remember, and revere the ſignature that you have choſen: TIBERIUS GRACCHUS was a good, a learned, a brave, and an eloquent man; he was the ſon of CORNELIA, from whoſe letters CICERO drew inſtruction; he was the grandſon of SCIPIO; while he lived, he was the father of the poor; the dread of oppreſſours; and he died a martyr to the *conſtitutional liberty of* ROME.

I find nothing unfavourably concluſive to our church, in the expreſſions that you quote, which the great Stateſman to whom you allude, was pleaſed to uſe in the ſenate, and by which he meant to charge our ſacred eſtabliſhment with inconſiſtency. I love, and eſteem, all that I have heard of the ſocial manners of Mr. FOX: and I am loſt in my admiration of his eloquence, which appears like inſpiration. But *he* may err; at leaſt *my* ſentiments are free. Other

important objects have not allowed him time, if he had had inclination, to ſtudy divinity; though indeed he would ſee more of the foundation, and ſpirit of any ſubject, in a week's application, than a ſtupid Biſhop would perceive, in a hundred years. It is often my ſevere regret that *he* has deſcended to exert his generous, and elegant mind, in the ſervice of men, whoſe nature, whoſe powers, and whoſe habits, are totally heterogeneous from his own, againſt the eſtabliſhed religion of his country. —I am ſorry to obſerve, that in the * paſſage which *you* cite from him, inſtead of reaſoning, and argument, there are only changes rung upon words. It was beneath *his* candour to reproach us with our *Roman Catholick Liturgy.* Merely that it is *Roman Catholick,* is no ſolid objection to it's excellence; there are many very good parts in the Roman Catholick religion: and in adopting ſome of thoſe parts, our learned, and venerable reformers, acted like ſenſible, and liberal, not like undiſtinguiſhing, and bigoted

* See the Letter ſigned TIBERIUS GRACCHUS.

men.

men. Our ſervice, in general (for would any ſacred ſyſtem of our infallible reformers be perfect?) has always appeared to *me*, after an honeſt, and attentive examination, to be accurately conſonant with the ſcriptures; with the ſcriptures, in their genuine ſenſe; not as they are diſguiſed, and mutilated by the daring hands which have, of late, aſſailed them. How ſimple, how ſublime, how affecting, to an unprejudiced, and feeling heart, is the liturgy of the CHURCH of ENGLAND! and how dull, and cold, comparatively, are the occaſional prayers which are compoſed, or rather *manufactured*, by it's preſent dignitaries!—The former productions are the emanations of reaſon, and inſpiration; the latter are the crude vapours of turtle, and champagne.

I have neither ſpace, nor inclination; nor are theſe the times for minute religious controverſy; therefore I ſhall only refer you to the expreſs, and ſtrong authority, and warrants of

ſcripture, in anſwer to the objection of the *Calviniſtical Creed*. By that authority, by thoſe warrants, the Articles of the CHURCH OF ENGLAND, and her Creeds, are moſt explicitly ſupported. As to the *Arminian* ſpeculations, and opinions of our Clergy, they are no reproach to our eſtabliſhment. *You*, I am ſure, will not ſeverely cenſure the infirmity of the human underſtanding, on very myſterious themes.—To reconcile the abſolute preſcience of the Deity, and the moral liberty of man, ſeems to have perplexed, while it employed, the honeſt heart, and the penetrating head, of the illuſtrious Dr. SAMUEL CLARKE; a name, and a memory, which I have no doubt that *you*, and Mr. FOX, love, and revere.

You have obliged me to give to the publick my ſentiments of the Biſhop of LLANDAFF; and I give them with ſome reluctance: but when I feel it my duty to be explicit, and ardent; my opponents, if they pleaſe, may pronounce me intolerant, and malevolent. After

reading

reading a charge which he lately delivered to the Clergy of his Dioceſe, I was both mortified, and pleaſed, to find *his* example only *one* exception, in *one* important inſtance, to the reſt of our Biſhops. In conſequence of that charge, I deem him neglectful of his moſt ſacred oaths, and engagements; an apoſtate from the CHURCH OF ENGLAND; one who wiſhes to deliver her into the hands of her inveterate, and implacable enemies. Moſt of us are ſo much inclined, and habituated to prefer our private to the publick weal, that I cannot hope to be readily, and cheerfully believed, when I ſincerely declare, that I have a poorer opinion of *this* man than of the Biſhop of DURHAM. I muſt expreſs my ſuſpicion that the charge to which I allude was dictated by a very criminal vanity, eager to catch the air of popularity by a mean, and ſingular tergiverſation, holding forth the ſpecious pretext of meekneſs, and benevolence. I humbly think that the bloody prieſt, who inſiſted

ſiſted that I ought to be *ſhot, as a deſerter, ſhould firſt ſhoot the Biſhop of LLANDAFF; not, that I do not think that I ſhall ſurvive many unwieldy Biſhops; but he, as my ſuperiour, ought to have the precedence to the platform of death; and if I muſt be pronounced a deſerter, I hope I ſhall not be thought partial to myſelf, if I aſſert that his deſertion is more actual, and glaring than mine. I was glad to find that the charge had not a particle of the talents which you aſcribe to him; it is, indeed, very feebly written. However, I wiſh, that he had been dozing over his chymiſtry, when he wrote it; which, I think, is a ſtudy that ought not extremely to intereſt the mind, or engroſs the time, of a Biſhop. Nor has he ſhown any brightneſs of talents by being an adept in chymiſtry. Any perſon endowed with *common* ſenſe may be a chymiſt, a botaniſt, or a mathematician. To make a great

* See the Preface to my Correſpondence with the Biſhop of DURHAM.

progreſs

progreſs in ſcience, patience, and perſeverance are only requiſite; the praiſe of bright, and vigorous talents is not applicable to him who has made ſuch a progreſs, unleſs that progreſs breaks out into invention, and diſcovery. Any chimney-ſweeper's boy in this metropolis might, in time, be as good a chymiſt as Dr. WATSON;—to attain *his* excellence, he has only to deſcend from ſmoak to fire; and to be as aſſiduous with the crucible, as he has been with the bruſh. Fine talents are apt to give a ſanction even to groſs, and dangerous errours: I am an enthuſiaſtick admirer of them, in my worſt enemies; therefore, I am conſoled by knowing, that the Biſhop of LLANDAFF's ſurrender of the CHURCH OF ENGLAND derives no luſtre from the ſtrength, and ſplendour of his mind.

Permit, Sir, an unfaſhionable man, at leaſt, from your tenderneſs for his ſincerity, to dwell a little, on our JERUSALEM: all my hopes are fixed there; I am intent on it, in my ſerious hours;

hours; I *forget* it not, *in my mirth.* When, in my heart, I abandon my Saviour, while with my elocution, and my pen, I pretend to honour, and revere him; when I preſumptuouſly, and impiouſly reduce that Divine, and ever-bleſſed perſon to a mere mortal, whom one of his diſciples, and apoſtles, while he adored him, pronounced him to be HIS * LORD, AND HIS GOD; if I ever ſtrip HIM of his Divinity, who was announced by the evangelical prophet, as the † MIGHTY GOD, THE EVERLASTING FATHER, THE PRINCE OF PEACE;— when I contradict, or attempt to explain away *ſuch* unequivocal, ſuch inſuperable revelations as theſe, I will be ſo far ſuperiour to *your* cabaliſtical friends, as openly to acknowledge my diſbelief of the old, and new Teſtament.

Be pleaſed to accept this letter with that unprejudiced, and expanded mind which learning ſhould always form; and honour it with

* John Chap. xx. v 28.
† Iſaiah Chap. ix. v. 6.

your

your attention, and conſideration. It is written by one who will always retain a grateful, and literary eſteem for *you*. I will not aſk your forgiveneſs of the warmth with which it is written; for to write without fire, I leave to *Dullneſs*, and to his ſiſter, *Diſcretion*. That generous ardour which an intereſting ſubject demands, and which, naturally, which irreſiſtibly flows from a mind that is able to do it juſtice, is termed vehemence, violence, malice, by the diſingenuous; or by thoſe, who, as they are deſtitute of ſentiment, themſelves, pronounce it's nobleſt effuſions, unwarrantable exceſs. You know who is *my* ATHENIAN ORACLE; and what ſays HE*?— " Je ne trou-
" verai pas grace devant ceux qui s' imaginent
" qu' il eſt eſſentiel à la verité d'être dite
" froidement; opinion que, pourtant, j'ai peine
" à comprendre. Lorſqu' une vive perſua-
" ſion nous anime, le moyen d'employer un
" langage glacé? Quand ARCHIMEDE, tout

* ROUSSEAU; Avertiſſement ſur les Lettres Ecrites de la Montagne.

" tranſporté, couroit nud dans les Rues de " SYRACUSE, en avoit il moins trouvé la verité, " parcequ' il ſe paſſionnoit pour elle? Tout " au contraire, celui qui la ſent ne peut s' ab- " ſtenir de l' adorer; celui qui demeure froid, " ne l' a pas vue." After what I have written, above, concerning the ſpirit of parties in ENGLAND (and I am ſatisfied that you will agree with me, on that ſubject) you will allow, that I have ſacrificed many conveniences, as an Authour, and every proſpect of preferment, as a Clergyman, to what I thought right, and true. Of theſe ſacred objects I have been tenacious, by profeſſing my agreement, in *ſome* points, with thoſe who are the avowed enemies of our Government, and of our Church. For this inflexible perſeverance I muſt anticipate thoſe iniquitous depreſſions in life which I have already experienced;—but they will be expiated to myſelf;—an elaſtick, and pleaſurable elevation will revibrate, and fling them away; if I can obtain the eſteem of the Good; if my ſolitary, and tranquil hours are animated,

and

brightened, with ſelf approbation; and if I can command the exerciſe, and exertion of my mind.

" Thou, O GOD, of thy kind Providence, " never ſendeſt *pure* evil unto thy ſervants: if " I complain that mankind have been unchari- " table to me, in many inſtances, let me thank " them, too, for gradually withdrawing me " from the trifles of life, which diſſipate, and " from it's paſſions, which torment. They " have taught me to acquire *true* Indepen- " dence; they have taught me to enliven, to " diverſify, to enrich my exiſtence, from my " own ſupplies! I feel it, every day, eaſier " for me to riſe above our meaner pleaſures; " to delight in thought, and in the contemplation " of THEE! THOU knoweſt my religion; it " is, to love the Virtuous, to compaſſionate the " Profligate; and totally to loſe ſight of all " artificial elegance, and grandeur, when I ſur- " vey THY magnificent, and ſtupendous " Works!—I *here* contribute my humble mite,

" the product of my honeſt induſtry, to the
" ſupport of our Laws, and of our Religion;
" without the fainteſt hope of the leaſt *earthly*
" reward. Therefore, whether I am vilified,
" or neglected; whatever *ſublunary* ills await
" me, *think of me O my* GOD, *for good*!
" Think of me, for good, thou Creator, and
" Protector of the Univerſe; thou Source of
" all light, of all beauty, and of all bliſs!"

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

AN

APPENDIX;

OR

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLICK;

ON THE

LITERARY DECISIONS, AND CHARACTER

OF

THE CRITICAL REVIEWERS.

Ducit opes, animumque Ferro.

HORACE; Od. Lib. iv. Od. 4.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AS I have, of late, ſeriouſly employed my pen againſt pride, and malevolence, it may be thought, that when I am offended with the one, and attacked by the other, they give me great mental pain. But *that* is far from being the caſe. When I receive their inſults, I am only

ſo

ſo far actuated by them, that they determine me to do what I think is right. And I aſſure the Benevolent, I aſſure the Malicious, that I ſit down to my taſk, rather with a pleaſurable than tormenting agitation; as I would begin any other literary work, which was to be quite unconnected with a particular vindication of it's authour. On ſuch an occaſion, I am conſcious that I am ingenuouſly defending myſelf; that I am ingenuouſly endeavouring to promote my honeſt fame. My heart is, in every way, frank, and totally unreſerved; indeed, it never blames, without reluctance; it always expreſſes it's gratitude, with delight. But the world is parſimonious of it's indulgence to thoſe who are in diſagreeable circumſtances, and ſituations; it is oftener the duty of theſe perſons to defeat it's iniquity, than to proclaim it's goodneſs. Yet neither has the Biſhop of DURHAM, nor have the *Critical Reviewers*, ſpread the leaſt gloom over my ſocial, or ſolitary hours. While the human mind is abſtracted from the trifles, and tumults of life, and exerted on intellectual objects, it *cannot be unhappy.*

APPENDIX:

To the PUBLICK.

I Am ſure that a generous publick will excuſe me for taking this opportunity of doing very material juſtice to myſelf. The following defence of a late publication, againſt an attack of dullneſs, and malignity, ſtimulated, moſt probably, by ſome application to their ſelfiſhneſs, is not naturally, and totally detached from the preceding contents of this pamphlet. I have juſt been contributing my mite towards the proſcription of thoſe who trample on good government;—to oppoſe the depredations of the petty tyrants in the Common-wealth of Letters, is a congenial act. Indeed, there is a connexion between the well-being of a State, and the cauſe of Literature. Enlightened, and ſpirited writings convey ſalutary inſtruction to our youth; and if they preſume not to *teach our Senators wiſdom*, they may deſerve their attention. The diffuſion of ſuch writings will always be induſtriouſly repreſſed by thoſe on whoſe mean, or baſe qualities, they inflict a merited cenſure; and by their venal inſtruments.

After I had publiſhed my Letters to the Biſhop of DURHAM; Letters which will do me no diſcredit, when

when they are impartially, and completely read; and when my reaſons for publiſhing them are impartially, and clearly ſtated; I was not ſuch a novice to the hiſtory of man as to expect any ſtronger effects of their publication, *immediately* from his Lordſhip, than apparent ſilence; and apparent, well acted, theatrical quiet. Nor will I farther pretend ſuch an ignorance of human nature, nor ſo abſurd a contempt of what I have preſented to a reſpectable publick, as not to be ſatisfied that thoſe Letters wounded him, as he deſerved. But immoderate in pride, and leſs than moderate in talents, *how* could he retaliate, but in the way which he hath choſen?—how could *he* preſerve, to *his* exiſtence, it's mechanical ſignificance, but by *ſeeming to forget mine?*

Let the benevolent reader be aſſured, that I reſume this prelate, as my ſubject, with reluctance; with diſguſt. I hoped that he never more would have encumbered my pen. But ſelf-defence is a moſt juſtifiable principle; and it juſtifies all honeſt practice. If my moral certainty of the origin of an article in the *Critical Review* for July, 1792, is weakly grounded, let me be condemned for my raſh, and gloomy ſuſpicions. If that certainty appears to have a good foundation, and as I wiſh to obtain the permanent eſteem of my countrymen, as an Authour (which I may *poſſibly* deſerve) they will be far from deeming the preſent defence of myſelf impertinent; they will liberally allow me to counteract, and defeat the covered, and undermining arts of one, who is eager, by his ſervile emiſſaries, to cruſh thoſe laudable endeavours, which he has neither generoſity to protect, nor abilities to refute.

If

If the perſonal qualifications, and conſequence of the *Critical Reviewers* were only to be conſidered, nothing would be more mean-ſpirited than to deign them the ſmalleſt notice. If my literary reputation was happily eſtabliſhed in ENGLAND, I ſhould be equally mean, by writing a line againſt them; for they have abuſed (in the *proper* meaning of the word *abuſe*) the moſt illuſtrious of my cotemporaries; who, as their fame was fortunately fixed, treated them with a tranſient, and careleſs contempt.—But they have it, as yet, in their power to injure merit, when it's circumſtances are unhappy; readers, in an age of extreme politeneſs, and pleaſure, *will* be ſuperficial;—they will be ſatisfied with the amuſement, they will implicitly adopt the criticiſm, of periodical pamphlets. Therefore, by the influence of ſuch pamphlets I may, *yet*, fall ſhort of obtaining literary juſtice. I have, for many years, without wealth, and without any powerful protection, written my diſintereſted, and free ſentiments, on the moſt important ſubjects: that ſuch a writer may be long, and conſiderably depreſſed by the various, and complicated arts of malevolence, the Senſible, and Experienced will immediately acknowledge. After contending for above twenty years with this oppoſition, and with every diſadvantage of fortune, I am as diſintereſted, and explicit as ever; I am ſtill unconquered, and animated in my efforts to obtain the beſt reward of intellectual application, a laſting, and honourable fame. ENGLAND is yet far from being deſerted by Humanity, and Chriſtianity;—therefore I may ſecurely venture to make a publick

appeal!—Is it a vain, and childiſh egotiſm in me, to endeavour to keep the road in which I am determined to advance; and to repell the attacks of rude, and unprincipled invaders? — Do my perſuits deſerve the frowns, or the encouragement of the publick?—Will they be miſrepreſented by any but the Dull, the Venal, and the Malignant? Is it not criminal, and infamous in thoſe, whoſe life is a continued, unmoleſted, vegetative repoſe on down, to ſet their machines to work, to break (if they can) the current of my mind; to defeat my induſtry, my watchings, my anxieties, for glory?—Let me not be unjuſt to the feelings of the Benevolent, and the Good!—I ſee, and I hear, the anſwer of *ſome* of my readers, in my ſolitude, and retirement. A tear of compaſſion, and eſteem, adorns the cheek of the generous philoſopher;—and it brightens, while it ſuffuſes, the ſympathetick eye of the fair! If the poſſible (I am afraid, ſometimes, the probable) conſequences of the malicious, or mercenary hoſtilities of the *Critical Reviewers* were fairly conſidered, and eſtimated, they would be the objects of univerſal hatred, and contempt. Their paltry ingenuity is often exerted to hurt the ſubſiſtence, the honour, the fame of an Authour; objects which are as dear to him as his life. And this licence they are allowed in a country whoſe laws are celebrated for protecting the property, and the peace of it's inhabitants. Is not a writer, then, well employed; is he not employed in the ſervice of the publick, who expoſes the literary profligacy of theſe men; who contributes to haſten their arrival at the cold regions of darkneſs, and oblivion, to which they have been for many

many years, deſcending? Let this introduction to the other objects of this appendix be excuſed:—I hope it is not obtruſive:—I thought ſuch a preface neceſſary to ſhow, that my preſent, and particular attention to a ſett of criticks (as they would be eſteemed) who are, of themſelves inſignificant, and deſpicable, was not only pardonable, but proper.

I am firmly perſuaded that the Biſhop of DURHAM has engaged, in his ſervice, againſt me, one of the *Critical Reviewers* of the laſt month. CRITICAL REVIEWERS, and BISHOPS, are habituated to *buſh-fighting*; therefore you can never bring them into the *open field*. *Aut Eraſmus es, aut Diabolus*;—*ſuch* a contraſt the Biſhop deſerves when I am going to allude to *another* man. If it is not his Lordſhip who has honoured me with this notice, I will ſuppoſe it is an Archdeacon; one, who, like a vile *Genoeſe*, or a viler *Neapolitan*, if you do not take care of yourſelf, will run his *ſtiletto* into you, *behind*; while he dreads, and abhors, a *fair*, *forward*, *manly attack*. The *diſcreet* Biſhop, or the pious Archdeacon, but more probably the Biſhop, has engaged in his ſervice, a literary *Swiſs* pioneer, from the almoſt deſolated barracks of the *Critical Review*. Of what particular publick deſcription, or character, this pioneer is, I cannot poſitively aſſert; many of my readers are undoubtedly acquainted with the ridiculous old farce which is played in *Weſtminſter Hall*, at the creation of a Judge:—I beg leave to adopt two or three words of that farce—"Methinks I ſpy a brother."—The whole critique (as we will call it, though improperly)

properly) very much diſplays the little ſoul of a bribed, or expecting Churchman.

Collateral, and preſumptive evidence is deciſive in *Engliſh* courts of juſtice; even where life is at ſtake; then it may be equitably deciſive, in a caſe of leſs magnitude. My moral certainty that an article in the laſt *Critical Review* originated from a *Hierarch* is founded on the following *data*.—The critical reviewers have, in general, been my pertinacious enemies, for almoſt twenty years. Of late, they gave me very high praiſe; for which I was beginning to feel a fooliſh gratitude to men whoſe taſte, and judgement, if they *have* any, may, always, be controlled, and repreſſed; and who will damn, or praiſe, from the moſt ſordid motives. Another of my data is worthy of obſervation;—They have commonly poſtponed the review of my productions longer than, indeed, they could, with decency; frequently, for ſeveral months;—it is now almoſt a twelve-month ſince I publiſhed my "Poetical Thoughts, and Views, on the Banks of the WEAR;" and that poem, I believe, has not *yet* been diſhonoured with the notice of the *critical reviewers*. But my Letters to the Biſhop of DURHAM they ſeized with ruthleſs, and inquiſitorial hands. They were publiſhed on the 23d of June; and in July they were ſent to the ſcaffold of theſe executioners; where they ſuffered, in conſequence of an *Auto da Fé*.

But the ſtrongeſt part of my preſumptive evidence, is my *internal* evidence; the ſpirit, and tenour of the critique to which I refer. In that critique, attentive, and reſpectful eulogy was abruptly changed into inſolence, and invective. It is a ſtring of *lies* from it's beginning

to

to it's end; [mild, and polite *critical reviewers*, there is no *abuſe* in giving baſeneſs it's *proper* name.] In ſhort, it is diſingenuous, falſe, equivocal, indefinite; almoſt untangible;—but I will preſs, and work this PROTEUS, till, like his father, the devil, in MILTON, he ſtarts up, confeſſedly, in his own proper, ſacerdotal ſhape. That I may be as explicit, and ingenuous, as *they* are involved, and perfidious, I muſt contaminate my page, by completely laying before the reader, the article in queſtion. The quotation ſhall be followed by ſome remarks which I ſhall ſubmit to the verdict of judicious, and liberal minds. By my remarks, I ſhall give the ſtrictures of my adverſary far more attention than they deſerve; the attention, however, may be uſeful; it may contribute to do important juſtice to myſelf; and it may tend to guard unreflecting, and credulous minds againſt ungenerous, and diſreputable errours, into which they may be led, by blindly acquieſcing in the dictates of all vulgar, and diſingenuous uſurpers of the *critical chair*.

" CRITICAL REVIEW, for July, 1792.

" *Letters between the Hon. and Right Rev. Father in God,*
" *Shute, by Divine Providence, Lord Biſhop of Durham,*
" *Count of the County Palatine, Earl of Sadberge, Baron*
" *Evenwood, &c. &c. and Percival Stockdale.* 8*vo.*
" 2*s.* 6*d.* Ridgway, 1792."

" The ſole occaſion of this pompous pamphlet is, that
" Mr. Stockdale, having written a poem containing
" much *diſintereſted* praiſe of the biſhop of Durham, and
" ſent him a volume of ſermons, thought he had eſtab-
" liſhed a ſufficient claim on a living in his lordſhip's
" patronage;

" patronage; which being refuſed him—(for it, indeed,
" muſt be an excellent poem, and a valuable ſet of ſermons,
" that can be worth a good living)—the irritated bard
" changed his artillery, and points againſt the biſhop, in
" plain proſe, the whole thunder of his indignation. This
" ſimple affair, which might have been amply told in nine
" pages, is extended, by means of a very long and *ſoi-*
" *diſant* preface, to nearly ninety; in which we are
" inceſſantly reminded of the author's extraordinary geni-
" us, his acuteneſs and delicacy of feeling, his intimacy
" with Garrick, Johnſon, and Burke, and of his anti-
" pathy to prieſts.—Whoever delights in reading the
" indiſcriminate abuſe of a particular claſs of men, pro-
" ceeding from one of their own order, and cavalier
" expoſtulations with a head of the church from one
" of its minor members, in the ſpirit of the new *Rights*
" *of Man*, may *here* find his malignant gratification.
" But it would have redounded infinitely more to Mr.
" Stockdale's honour, if he had committed this publi-
" cation to the preſs at once, *without conſulting the*
" *biſhop*, and telling him that it was *yet* in his power to
" 'ſtop its progreſs and completion.' This *threat* the
" biſhop wiſely diſregarded: for, after all, it only
" appears that his lordſhip exerciſed his own judgment,
" as to the diſpoſal of the living in queſtion; and that
" Mr. Stockdale has added another inſtance to the
" *genus irritabile vatum.*"

The ſubſtance of their firſt falſehood is, that I was ſo unreaſonable, and rapacious, as to publiſh my correſpondence with the biſhop, becauſe he refuſed, at my requeſt to give me the living of HARTBURN, as a recompence

for

for the honourable mention which I had made of him in a poem, and for the volume of ſermons which I had preſented to him.—I really flatter myſelf, that, by this time, my own ſerious declarations will have more weight with the publick than the groundleſs aſſertions of a *Critical Reviewer*. Whoever favours that correſpondence with a diſpaſſionate peruſal, will be convinced, by the facts which it relates, and by the ſtrain in which it is written, that I did not write, and publiſh my letters to the biſhop, from the motive which is alledged by the *critical reviewers*; but becauſe he treated me inſidiouſly, ungenerouſly, and rudely; becauſe he was ſo uncharitable, and ſo inſolent as to think, that it was not ſafe to converſe with me without a third perſon. The beginning of my firſt remonſtrance to the biſhop gives two of the cauſes why I ultimately communicated our correſpondence to the publick:

" My Lord,

" Your late [artful, and illiberal] letter to me, on the " ſubject of the living of Hartburn; and your " ſubſequent laconic, or rather, abrupt card, determined " me to think, and act *from*, and *for* myſelf; as every " man of ſpirit ought, at particular emergences." The truth of what I am now conſcientiouſly aſſerting, and corroborating, is more largely unfolded in my letter of Saturday the 14th of July, which was publiſhed in the paper of the World. I ſhall, here, take the liberty to quote ſome paſſages from that letter;—I truſt that they will rather announce an ingenuous mind;—they certainly ſhowed ſome acquaintance with life; and that I obviated, as I anticipated, the bought, or the voluntary reſentment,

ment, of cavillers, and traducers, before this little *critical urchin* pointed his quills againſt me.

" I had long ſo well known the diſpoſition, and the " conduct of biſhops, that I requeſted the living of " HARTBURN with as faint hopes of ſucceſs as can be " imagined; therefore my mere diſappointment could " not be ſo mortifying as to excite a warm reſentment. " I honeſtly own, I think that the biſhop would have acted " illiberally in whatever manner he had refuſed my re- " queſt; but if he had refuſed it with a frankneſs, tem- " pered with good manners, the world ſhould have " known nothing of what had paſſed between him and " me. * * * * " As I had devoted a great part of my " life, amidſt all it's viciſſitudes, and misfortunes, to " intellectual perſuits; as I had often publiſhed my ſen- " timents on ſubjects of morality, policy, and religion, " with a moſt explicit ſincerity, which was totally in- " compatible with a mean attachment to objects of my " intereſt;—as the Authour of our nature had beſtowed " on me poetical talents, which I had employed in giv- " ing honeſt encomium to the biſhop of DURHAM; " that encomium had a right to his gratitude, and reſpect, " I ſhould have aſked the living of HARTBURN of him, " had it never been written; for I did not think that " the requeſt from *me*, was impertinent, or preſuming. " If, when I applied to him for his patronage, I had " laid a ſtreſs, in my own mind, on the poetical tribute " which I had offered to him, I ſhould have deſerved the " return which he made me. That tribute ought not to " have impelled, as it did not impell, *my* ſolicitation; " but if his mind could have been actuated by taſte, and

generoſity,

" generoſity, it would have co-operated with other lite-
" rary motives to determine *his* beneficence." The reader, I flatter myſelf, will now be convinced of the lying abſurdity of the *critical reviewer*, who boldly tells the world, that I aſked a lucrative benefice, as a return for a poem, and a volume of ſermons.—Let me be permitted to quote one ſhort paſſage more from my letter which was printed in the paper of the World.—" Be
" pleaſed to recollect, my unprejudiced, liberal, and
" ſpirited readers, that the biſhop would *only* grant me the
" interview which I aſked, if I could prevail with Mr.
" JERNINGHAM to be preſent while I converſed with
" him. You will immediately allow, that this condi-
" tion very evidently conveyed a ſtrong ſuſpicion that
" I was treacherous, and unprincipled: that I was not
" worthy of a common degree of ſocial confidence.
" And to *this* inſult, alone, you will as readily allow,
" that the publication of our correſpondence was an
" inadequate retort."

This reviewer cannot, on the mereſt trifles, adhere to truth; what *he* miſrepreſents as the narrative of *this ſimple affair*, which he ſays, might have been amply told in nine pages, is not extended, even by the means of a *very long, and ſoi-diſant preface*, to nearly ninety pages, as *he* impudently aſſerts, but only to fifty-ſeven. In that ſpace a reader, or a critick, of common ſenſe, and honeſty, will recollect that I inſert the biſhop's letters as well as my own;—and I beg leave to inform thoſe generous judges of literary merit; thoſe proper judges of what may deſerve a laſting remembrance; and who have not yet read my pamphlet, that the recital of the *ſimple*

affair, as our critick is pleaſed to term it, occupies but a very ſmall part of the ſpace which I have ſpecified. If it is all attentively peruſed, and ſurveyed, I flatter myſelf that it will be found to contain manly reaſoning, and ſentiment, ſuitable to the occaſion;—important, and eternal truths, intimately connected with learning, freedom, and religion, agreeably to the promiſe of my title-page; truths not dreſſed in *pompous* language, nor hurled *in the thunder of indignation*; but cloathed (if I have written as I wiſhed to write) in a becoming garb, and flowing in a correſpondent courſe; in the garb of a ſimplicity not ungraceful; and in the current of a lively, and independent ſpirit.

Our critick, in his character of the preface, grows bolder in his violation of truth. He calls it a *ſoi-diſant* preface: in this article he diſplays his French as well as his Latin learning. Now, a *ſoi-diſant* preface happens to be abſolute nonſenſe; it ſignifies, faithfully tranſlated, a *pretended* preface. But *he* means, in his miſapplication of the epithet, a preface in which the authour is an egotiſt. I have ſufficient grounds to hope that no impartial reader who is endowed with a good underſtanding, and with ſentiment, would wiſh that my preface were ſhorter. It is by no means engroſſed by my dwelling on myſelf;—it contains many general literary, moral, and political obſervations, and reflexions. But ſurely, when a man thinks, and feels it incumbent on him to vindicate his writings, and his conduct, he *muſt*, *neceſſarily*, be his own ſubject; he is not then vain, and oſtentatious, by talking of himſelf. I thought it proper to expoſe, and ridicule the malice of my traducers; as

it

it deſerved. But I had a more arduous taſk to perform: it was my duty to myſelf, to prove, that when we repell groſs inſults, and injuries; when we plead the cauſe of the Unfortunate againſt inſenſibility, and oppreſſion;—the cauſe of literature, and abilities, againſt dullneſs, and it's equally ſtupid patrons;—it was my duty to myſelf, to prove, that we ſhould, then, particularly, exclude from our minds all timorous, and immoral reſpect of perſons, and of their ſuperiority of ſtation. *This* taſk would, by no means, have been arduous, if inveterate precedent, and cuſtom; if the ſelfiſhneſs, and ſervility of mankind, did not, every day, by an indiſcriminate, and promiſcuous homage, give their ſanction, to the uſurpations of wealth, and power. I could not, without loſing ſight of the principal reaſon for which I introduced theſe topicks, omit the mention of my own enterprize; if it's completion is called *abuſe*, by certain encroachers on learning, I ſhall not be, at all, mortified; —the illiberal miſapplication of a ſingle word, ſaves the acuteneſs, and the trouble of giving proofs; but I flatter myſelf that, *however* my correſpondence with the biſhop of DURHAM may participate my bad fortune, at preſent, from accident, or calumny, it will long ſurvive the ultimately impotent malevolence, and bribed ſervices of the *critical Reviewers*; that it will, hereafter, be reſpected, as a monument of one, who, for a churchman, was remarkably ſincere, and unreſerved; of one, who, when ſpirit, and fortitude were demanded by emergencies, could devote himſelf to literature, to virtue, and to truth.

In ſocial life, every teſtimony of a perſon, who is addicted to groſs, and abandoned falſehood, loſes all

weight. The aſſertions of thoſe who are notorious liars, in print, ſhould, *à fortiori*, be received with a total contempt.—My critick boldly avers, that, in the preface, I am *inceſſantly* talking of my intimacy with GARRICK, JOHNSON, and BURKE.—In the preface I very ſincerely obſerve that—" Epiſcopal praiſe would have been but " vapid to a heart to which genius had been allowed, by " a GARRICK, a JOHNSON, and a BURKE;"—and only in theſe very words, have I mentioned thoſe great men, in the preface, and in the whole pamphlet: I wrote not a ſyllable of my intimacy with any one of them. Indeed, I have had the honour of being in Mr. BURKE's company, only a very few times. It is abhorrent from *my* pride, and I hope, from my veracity, to pretend an intimacy which I have *not*, with the moſt *celebrated* man. The reviewer wiſhed to make me, in the eye of the world, a deſpicably oſtentatious being; and as regardleſs of truth as himſelf. This fact I have been rather anxious to ſtate, as it really was; for I would not incurr a particle of Mr. BURKE's contempt for the praiſe of all the reviewers in EUROPE. Another aſſertion in this critique, will not now be readily believed; viz. " that I " am *inceſſantly* [and therefore, very fooliſhly] remind- " ing the world of my extraordinary genius, and of my " acuteneſs, and delicacy of feeling."

I entertain no unqualified, and abſolute antipathy againſt prieſts; in my letters to the biſhop of DURHAM, there is no *abuſe* of a particular claſs of men: I love, and revere, every good *clergyman*; I very much diſlike every *prieſt*; as they have been long contraſted, in appellation, and in idea; *this* can only be a paradox to my

Critical

Critical Reviewer; for his head is heavy; and his heart is perverſe. The letters to which I am referring, repeatedly expreſs, and enforce, my unaffected zeal for our celeſtial religion, and for it's Divine Authour; they pay the ſincere tribute of warm praiſe to the CHURCH of ENGLAND, and to it's amiable, and illuſtrious luminaries;—if to cenſure the pride, and the luxury of our higher clergy, and their obduracy to intellectual deſert;—if to cenſure the general idleneſs, and diſſipation of the ſons of the Church; and their ſhameful inattention to thoſe ſtudies, which *they* ſhould diligently perſue;—if to animadvert on theſe faults, and vices, in explicit, and ardent, but I am ſure (my honeſt enemies who have read thoſe letters, are ſure) *not* in ungentlemanly, and ſcurrilous language, is abuſive, I will own, Sir, that I have been guilty of the moſt flagrant ABUSE. Pray, maſter critick, after all your laviſh repetitions of the word, do you *yet* know any thing of it's genuine meaning? It originally, and moſt pertinently ſignifies, an improper, and prepoſterous uſe of language;—of this errour, or illiberality, you cannot, I hope, accuſe *me*;—did I ever apply *eloquence*, *humanity*, and *magnanimity*, to the biſhop of DURHAM; or *learning*, *taſte*, and *candour*, to the *critical Reviewers?*

As to the *cavalier expoſtulations with a head of the Church, from one of it's minor members*, I obſerve, that a little hireling ſoul, from it's innate puſillanimity, and becauſe it is in pay, will always be apt, and ready to condemn, and reprobate the unuſual, but proper, and manly expoſtulations, and remonſtrances, of a private clergyman to a prelate. Therefore, when he ſhould

write

write *independent, and free*, he will write *impertinent*, and *cavalier*; and when he ſhould write *ſpirit, and energy*, he will write *ſcurrility*, and *abuſe*. If the blunders, and arrogance of an *artificial Head of the Church*, are generouſly aſſailed by one of it's *minor members*, as he is contemptuouſly called, by *this* poor creature, that artificial head gravitates, and ſinks, under the vigorous impreſſion; and the humbler ſervant of the Church riſes to his natural elevation; and for a while, overſets the game of that common proſtitute, *Fortune*.

Whether from the tenour of the letters which are now under our conſideration, or from *this* pamphlet, I may juſtly be charged with *the ſpirit of the new Rights of Man*, I appeal to the publick: ſome outrages on truth, and decency, are ſo glaring, that by deſtroying themſelves, they preclude a ſerious refutation.

As I have now, honeſtly defended my correſpondence with the Biſhop, all prejudice againſt it, I hope, will be expunged from the mind of the reader. If he honours it with his attention, he will have ocular demonſtration of extreme literary miſrepreſentation, and injuſtice. I may almoſt aſſure him, without vanity, and exaggeration, that it will afford him a liberal, and virtuous entertainment: — as to the cankered ſoul, who delights in *malignant gratification*; *he* may always be ſupplied with an infernal banquet, by the *Critical Reviewers*.

I did nothing *diſhonourable* in warning the Biſhop of DURHAM of my intended publication; unleſs the reſpect, and delicacy of the act to one who was unworthy of it, comes under that accuſation. Some of your aſſertions

aſſertions are ſo peremptory, that they ſhould only be repelled by peremptory negatives. The Biſhop very *unwiſely* diſregarded what *you* call my threat;—in *ſome* caſes it may be as proper for a Curate to threaten a Biſhop, as it may be, in *others*, for a Biſhop to threaten a Curate. The Biſhop of DURHAM will repent his folly, and obſtinacy, as long as he lives.

Other people are juſt as irritable as poets;—but hence the errour has originated, from the age of *Horace*, down to our own. Poets can expreſs their reſentments in a more lively, and animated manner than the maſs of mankind. You have had an opportunity of parading with your Latin:—I will thank a *Critical Reviewer* whenever he produces a claſſical quotation that is not in the memory, and on the tongue of every ſchool-boy.

With regard to the irritability of poets, it may farther be obſerved, that, tenacious, and jealous, as mankind are, of their property, they have very little conſideration for the well-being of unfortunate authours; who, as *they* ſeem to think, when their intereſt, and fame are wounded, ſhould be without feeling, and without reſentment; though when *other* men receive injuries of the ſame kind, a warm, and active ſenſibility is allowed them, by the world. Yet let the Heedleſs, and the Obdurate be told, that a poet cannot exiſt without a ſubſiſtence, however precarious, and circumſcribed;—and that if he is a true genius, he his more anxious for extending his fame than his life. Painful pre-eminence! in which our ſevereſt misfortunes are viewed with indifference; perhaps, with ridicule! They are certainly

certainly excellent ſport to *Critical Reviewers*:—*Butchers* have no humanity.

A rule by which the publick may be partly guarded againſt the impoſitions of the *Critical Reviewers*. Whenever, in one of their articles, they inſert not a ſingle quotation from the work which they are criticizing;—if checked, and embarraſſed by their conſciouſneſs of it's merit, and by ſome little reproaches of their hearts for the injuſtice with which they are treating it, they only cenſure, and condemn it in vague, and lax terms;—ſuch as *pompous*, *extravagant*, *abſurd*; if they overwhelm it not with the barbarous ſcurrility, and buffoonery, with which they murder weak, and helpleſs writers;—but eſpecially if they have praiſed the authour before; and if, in ſpite of envy, and ill fortune, that authour has acquired literary fame; from *theſe* prognoſticks, you may be aſſured, that the pamphlet, or the book is worthy of your attention. From what I have now written, the publick will eaſily account for the ſpecies of the favours, which I may expect hereafter, from the Critical Reviewers.

I have given what life I could to this defence of a publication, to the ſucceſs of which I thought that a defence would be conducive. At this time, indeed, it was my opinion that my literary character was intereſted in the vindication. The republick of letters, too, is obliged to *him*, who is induſtrious to detect the ignorance, and the frauds of thoſe impoſtors, who, without principle, as without knowledge, iſſue ſpurious, and ſurreptitious edicts, to direct the judgement, and to confer the honours of that commonwealth.

wealth. From theſe conſiderations, and from *ſome* degree of animation, which, I flatter myſelf, actuates this Appendix, the friends of equity, and literature will probably with pleaſure peruſe theſe remarks on a ſociety (if we can properly give them the title) who deſerve publick notice *only* from their power, and their inclination, to do ill. I hope I am, now, bidding a long adieu to the Biſhop of DURHAM, and to his Pretorian Bands, the *Critical Reviewers*. To ſuffer a tedious interview with *them*, after having converſed with ſome of the elegant authours of antiquity, and of modern times; is to baniſh ourſelves from the ſweets of TAPLOW, from the pictureſque heights of CLIFDEN; from the majeſtick terrace of WINDSOR, to the heaths of NORTHUMBERLAND; to the fogs of CHEVIOT; to the favourite objects of JOHNSON's firſt peregrination, in his old age; — the HEBRIDES of SCOTLAND.

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

May's Buildings;
Monday, Auguſt, 13, 1792.

FINIS.

This Day are publiſhed (Price 2s. 6d.)

LETTERS BETWEEN

THE HONOURABLE, AND RIGHT REV. FATHER IN GOD,

SHUTE,

BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE,

LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM,

COUNT OF THE COUNTY PALATINE,
EARL OF SADBERGE, BARON EVENWOOD, &c.

AND

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE:

A CORRESPONDENCE INTERESTING
TO EVERY LOVER OF LITERATURE,
FREEDOM, AND RELIGION.

PRINTED FOR J. RIDGWAY, YORK STREET, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

A Generous publick, I am ſure, will not think me impertinent, if, with a laudable oppoſition to the efforts of malice; to thoſe who fear, and therefore hate, important truth, I requeſt the honour of their unprejudiced attention to theſe letters. And I am equally ſatisfied, that they will forgive me for feeling an ingenuous pleaſure, and pride, whenever I recollect a publication, from which I, at once, anticipated a temporary unpopularity,

on

on account of it's almoſt unexampled inſtance of an independent ſpirit;—and a future durable popularity, and eſteem, from that very ſingularity of example which will, at preſent diſguſt the *vulgar* of mankind, I mean, their *majority*; from the tenour, and tendency, of that publication; and from the motives which actuated the mind of it's authour, when it was written. If, unauthorized by wealth, or elevated ſtation, we aſſert, and vindicate, our individual rights; and the univerſal rights of learning, talents, virtue, and religion, againſt the *direct* oppreſſion of the great, or againſt the baſer *negative* (as it is the meaner) oppreſſion, of their cold, and imitative timidity; the generous conduct is pronounced impertinent, and ridiculous, by themſelves, and their venal ſlaves; or by their unthinking, and voluntary ſlaves, the multitude: but it is pronounced to be nobly right, by the few unprejudiced, diſtinguiſhing, and ſpirited hearts, and minds, of our cotemporaries; it is pronounced to be nobly right, by the fixed, and eternal laws of GOD:—and *theſe* are our paſs-ports to immortality.